

## THE REBEL'S RUSE.

By EUNICE WINSOR.  
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During the American Revolution a regiment of Continentals were placed in Westchester county to "observe" the British then occupying New York. Denton Woodworth, a bitter Tory, living near the patriot force, discovered that his daughter Evelyn and one of the captains, Elderkin, had fallen in love with each other. Woodworth was so horrified at his daughter marrying a rebel that he decided to leave his place in Westchester county and take his family to New York city. The evening before their departure Evelyn and Elderkin met clandestinely in a wood near the house, then and there plighted their troth and before parting arranged a method of correspondence. The next day the Woodworth family crossed the Harlem river, were admitted within the British lines and occupied their town house near what was then and is now Bowling Green. It was not long after their settlement in their new quarters that Evelyn received a letter from an intimate friend of hers, living near her home in Westchester county. It had been sent in with a number of others under a flag of truce. Her father, thinking that the missive might contain some word from Elderkin, opened and read it before giving it to his daughter. It was written in a woman's hand and contained no mention whatever of the rebel captain.

Amelia Woodworth, a sister of the head of the family, was as bitter a Tory as her brother and as deeply interested in breaking up the love affair between her niece and the young rebel captain. The evening of the reception of the letter from beyond the lines, when Evelyn was in bed, Aunt Amelia concluded to do a little detective work. Going into Evelyn's room, she asked her if she would let her read the letter. Evelyn's heart stood still; but, outwardly retaining her equanimity, she told her aunt where to find it, and the old lady sat down by a candle to read it. After trying for a long while to discover some code in it she fell asleep. When she awoke the candle had burned down to the socket, the letter lay near the flame scorched, and across its face was the fragment of a sentence that had evidently been written in green ink—"That old cat, your Aunt Amelia."

Indignation struggled with joy at the discovery for a time; then the old lady extinguished the candle and stole away with the letter. Evelyn was awake and saw what she did, but did not dare oppose her. Mr. Woodworth had gone out to Fraunce's tavern for a tuppence and to learn if there was any news of the military situation. His sister waited patiently till he returned, then showed him the letter. To her surprise the green letters had disappeared. Now, the old man loved his daughter, but did not get on with his sister. He looked the letter over carefully, then told Miss Woodworth that she might be in better business than in spying—that she had in her mind a belief that she would make a discovery and suddenly awakened, had seen the letter only through her distorted imagination. Then he ordered her to take the letter back to Evelyn's room.

Evelyn knew that something had happened, but what she was not sure, since her aunt kept her own counsel. Evelyn dare not destroy the letter for fear of making matters worse. She left it in her writing desk, and a few days later, when the rain was pouring down and the air laden with moisture, the old woman, rummaging in the desk, came upon another surprise. There was the letter, and this time it was covered with pink letters. Indeed, she read a love letter written across the other in Captain Elderkin to her niece, in which he warned Evelyn to beware of "that old cat, your Aunt Amelia."

Taking the letter into her own room, she sat down before a warm fire on the hearth, laying it on a table beside her. She was rejoicing at the prospect of convincing her brother that she had been right after all. Then it occurred to her to copy the pink words lest they fade like the green ones. Turning to the letter, what was her surprise to find that they had already disappeared. Defeated again, she replaced the letter where she had found it. Thinking to discover some means for bringing back the secret missive, she went there next day for it, but Evelyn had meanwhile concluded to burn it.

A month later another batch of letters was sent into the British lines and among them one for Evelyn from the same friend who had written her before. Unfortunately for the lovers, it fell into Miss Woodworth's hands. Meanwhile she had confided her secret to a friend, a professor in King's college, who at that time changed to Columbia college. The second letter she took to him. He nested it and moistened it with no effect. Then he tried the application of chemicals, and a solution of iodine of starch brought out another love letter, this time in blue.

Soon after this the British evacuated the city, and Captain Elderkin marched in with the patriots. Evelyn finally overcame her father's opposition and married her lover. Then the method of their correspondence was extinguished. The first love letter was written with ink mixed with gum arabic and a chloride of cobalt, making pink letters, which disappeared when the ink dried and reappearing green under heat. It again disappeared under cold and became pink again when dampened. The second love letter was written in rice water, the ink of which, after being brought out, will disappear forever.

**Mrs. Winsor's Soothing Syrup.**  
Has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES A CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC and is the best remedy for DIARRHÆA. Sold in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winsor's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle, prepared under the Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906. HARRIS MEDICAL CO. NEW YORK.

## A Congress On Irrigation.

Big Conference at Spokane to Deal With the Subject of Conservation of Natural Resources—Program of Meeting and Ideas of Organization.



ARTHUR HOOKER

NO subject pertaining to the progress of the country is attracting greater attention at the present time than that of conservation of the natural resources of the nation. For this reason the seventh national irrigation congress at Spokane, Wash., Aug. 9 to 14, constitutes one of the most important conferences of the year on subjects pertaining to the material and moral advancement of the people of the country as a whole. While the reclamation of arid and swamp lands will have chief place on the program, there will also be addresses on forestry, deep waterways, good roads and home building.

The economic value of irrigation, whether by national project or private enterprise, cannot be measured in dollars and cents. It is no longer an experiment in the west; it is a confirmed success from commercial and financial viewpoints, and economists declare that the development of the country will provide a safety valve against the impending dangers of congestion in the cities of the east. Five to ten acres of land in the irrigated districts will provide shelter, food and raiment for a family and enable its owner to put aside from \$500 to \$1,000 a year. Scores of hundreds of men and women, many of whom came from the crowded cities in the east and south, are doing that much or better in the west today.

George E. Barstow of Texas will preside at the congress in Spokane, and it is expected there will be from 4,500 to 5,000 accredited delegates from various parts of the United States and representatives from Canada, Europe, the South American republics, China and Japan. Officials of the reclamation and forestry services and other branches of the department of agriculture, bankers, scientists, railroad presidents and irrigationists will take part in the deliberations.

The national officers of the congress this year are: President, George E. Barstow, Barstow, Tex.; first vice president, H. D. Loveland, San Francisco; second vice president, R. E. Twitchell, Las Vegas, N. M.; third vice president, I. D. O'Donnell, Billings, Mont.; secretary, B. A. Fowler, Phoenix, Ariz.; assistant secretary, F. H. Griswold, Chicago; foreign secretary, Rev. Dr. E. McQueen Gray, Carlsbad, N. M.; secretary board of control, Arthur Hooker, Spokane, Wash. Every state and territory in the Union has a vice president.

Chief executives of twenty-five states and territories will be present on governor's day, Aug. 13, when Governor Hoy of Washington will preside at a joint meeting of the governors and congressional representatives of the western states to discuss ways and means of obtaining national and state



NATIONAL IRRIGATION CONGRESS

legislation to encourage the development of the country and conserve its natural resources.

There will be elaborate electrical illuminations in the principal thoroughfares, where stacked crops of the districts tributary to Spokane will be displayed in massed exhibits. These open air demonstrations have been arranged:

Aug. 10.—Afternoon—Parade of progress, showing the transformation of the northwest from savannage to civilization by a series of district floats and mounted men and machines.

Aug. 11.—Evening—Illuminated parade of progress, representing various periods in the northwest from 1805 to 1890. Indians from four reservations and districts in the Pacific and western states will join in the demonstration.

Aug. 12.—Afternoon—Parade and countermarch of the industrial and irrigation army, with 10,000 uniformed men in line. The official emblem of the congress, showing Science bidding the Desert drink, will be featured on an elaborate float.

**One on Papa.**  
Caller—Harold, when you get to be the head of a family what will you say to your children when they are naughty? Harold—Oh, I'll do like papa. I'll tell them how good I was when I was a kid.—Chicago News.

## SHOT DOWN HER ASSAILANT

Fannie White of New Hampton, N. H.

WAS NEARLY KILLED

Fired on Her Assailant, Wounding Him. She Walked Two Miles After Being Terribly Beaten—Searching for Man.

Plymouth, N. H., Aug. 2.—At New Hampton, in Grafton county, a slip of a girl was attacked on a mountainside by a burly foreigner, hurled to the ground, beaten within an inch of her life and left for dead.

Before she lost consciousness, however, with the valor of the girls of the Western plains, from whence she came, she managed to draw a small revolver which she fortunately carried and fired at her assailant.

That she badly wounded the man is assured, for at the scene of the struggle blood spots show that her aim was good.

The assault took place Wednesday evening. The girl left the home of Elwood S. Lougen, a prosperous farmer, to whom she is engaged, to walk down the steep mountainside to his mother's house two miles away.

When half way down at a point called Dead Man's Curve, she saw the uneasy creature sitting by the roadside. He spoke to her, asking directions, and she was about to inform him when, like a maniac, he threw himself upon her. The action of no melodrama ever written can rival the fierce hand-to-hand conflict between this mere child, weighing less than 90 pounds, and the giant who sought to end her life.

Her head badly battered, her clothes torn to shreds and wrenched in places entirely from her body, she managed to reach the home of the aged mother of Mr. Lougen late at night.

In her flight down the ledge in the precipice, with no moon nor stars to guide her, dripping with the sweat of mental fear and suffering excruciating pain from her multitudinous wounds, she fell many times, but with indomitable courage she rallied from each swoon and crept on.

When she at last arrived at the lonely farmhouse, she fell on the porch at the feet of her aged protector, more dead than alive.

Within a few hours several local officers and a posse of armed men had been summoned and the search for the fiend was started.

Deputy sheriffs, headed by James B. Lithstone of Bristol, are still searching the woods of Carter mountain, the scene of the crime. The high sheriff has been notified and may be on the scene now.

An effort will be made to procure bloodhounds in the effort to apprehend the villain, for the countryside is aroused as it has never been before, and all possible will be done to land the man, dead or alive. As it is assured that the fellow is badly wounded, a capture will be effected very soon, it is believed.

The assault upon Miss White is the culmination of a series of alarming occurrences in different sections of Grafton and Belknap counties. The man who is charged with the crime is believed to be one who has been living a hermit existence at the base of Carter mountain all summer.

Description of man who assaulted and nearly killed Fannie White and who, wounded by a bullet from her revolver, is being sought by an armed posse in the mountains of Grafton county: age, 42; weight, 175-200; very heavy build; height, 5 feet 2 inches; had full three weeks' growth of beard; wore bright red sweater, small black cap, dark trousers; spoke broken English; nationality believed to be either Greek or Polish.

**Deferred.**  
The Possibilist—We'll pay for all this fine weather later on.  
The Optimist—Well, cheer up! That's the regular time for paying for things. Isn't it?—Puck.

**Blue Blooded.**



Miss Cityman—Seems to me this fellow looks rather blue!  
Farmer—Shouldn't wonder, miss. Our cows are all blue blooded stock.—New York World.

**Comfort**  
ANTISEPTIC  
WIOLEY  
Powder

## ANOTHER WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Gardiner, Maine.—"I have been a great sufferer from organic troubles and a severe female weakness. I have tried all the doctors I could find, but I could not bear to think of it. I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made exclusively from roots and herbs, a fair trial. This famous medicine for women has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and renewer of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cures female ill, and creates radiant, buoyant female health. If you are ill, for your own sake as well as that of your loved ones, give it a trial."

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

## ROBERT A. TAFT.

The President's Oldest Son and His Vacation Doings.

President Taft's oldest son, Robert Alphonso Taft, is sustaining the family dignity at Yale, having won many honors there, including election to Skull and Bones, the famous secret society to which his father belonged while in college and which his grandfather, the Secretary of Grant's cabinet, helped to establish many



ROBERT ALPHONSO TAFT.

years ago. Robert Taft will graduate in the class of 1910 if all goes well. Meantime he is enjoying a well earned vacation and recently attended the Champlain tercentenary celebration with his sister Helen, being entertained by friends of his father at some of the charming resorts on this famous lake. Young Mr. Taft approves his father's choice of Beverly as a summer home and expects to pass considerable of his vacation there. Beverly likes him as well as the rest of the presidential family. Beverly, indeed, is proud of the importance it has recently assumed. As the popcorn man in front of the board of trade building, where offices for the president have been fitted up, put it:

"These are changed days in Beverly, mister. Why, they even wanted to abolish the ringin' of the curfew bell—they're gettin' so blamed cliffed—hush—look quick—that fellow over there—he's the man who had charge of unloadin' the Taft cow from the train. If you go down Cabot street two blocks an' turn to the left you'll mebbe see one of the men who led her out to the Taft cottage."

"What was I sayin'—oh, yes—they want to abolish the curfew. Why back in 1954 Captain Thomas Lothrop brought the first bell here to Beverly, and ever since that day the curfew has been rung at 9 o'clock each night. Wouldn't seem like Beverly no more to the old folks if—"

"Over there—there he goes. That's the janitor of the First Baptist church—the one who said he'd be gosh dinged if he'd get up at 5 o'clock on the mornin' of the Fourth to ring the bell, no matter who asked it. You'd a thought he'd a' behaved, what with Mr. Taft in town an' all."

"Right up in that room he'll scell my hot buttered corn while I dwell my hot affairs o' state. Oh, old Beverly surely is takin' on airs."

**The Planet Mars.**  
The planet Mars will be at its nearest approach to the earth on Sept. 18 next. It will rise at instant of sunset on Sept. 23 and cast a fiery red light throughout the entire night and will attract the general attention of mankind with its magnitude and brilliancy.

**On the Contrary.**  
"The apparel does not make the man," said the ready made philosopher.  
"No," answered the man who was signing checks for \$5000 gowns, "but it may go a long way toward breaking him."—Washington Star.

## CHINESE VICE-CONSUL KILLED

Dr. Luk Wing Shot in the Back

IN HIS NEW YORK OFFICE

The Assassin, Wong Bow Cheung, Took a Japanese Name to Get Job. Both Races Rejoiced.

New York, Aug. 2.—Dr. Luk Wing, Chinese vice-consul at New York, a graduate of Lehigh and Yale universities and husband of an American woman, was mortally wounded at his offices in a lower Broadway building at New York Saturday afternoon by a man of his own race who gives valuable but confused and contradictory reports of himself in "pidgin English." Dr. Wing died that night in St. Gregory's hospital. He had been shot in the back with a revolver, and the bullet, entering below the shoulder blades, lodged in the lower lobe of the left lung. No attempt to probe for it was made. Mrs. Wing, who is ill herself, was driven to the hospital in time to see her husband before he died. He recognized her and smiled before the end came, but at no time was he strong enough to make an ante-mortem statement.

Michael McDonald, who for 27 years has been special watchman at the Chinese consulate, identified the murderer Saturday night as Wong Bow Cheung, who, he says, was formerly a steward on the United States battleship Indiana. The man himself, who was at first thought to be a Japanese, gave his name to the police as Matsuda Wong and said he lived at 1215 Buttonwood street, Philadelphia, though until recently he had been employed as a cook at Galen Hall, an Atlantic City hotel. He went to New York Friday, he said. He is undersized, crop-haired and wears American clothes. No rational motive for the murder has developed. McDonald says he believes the man is crazy. During the six years he has been in this country he has been in and out of the consulate at intervals, importuning whomsoever he could find for a position or for a loan.

Nobody witnessed the shooting. Dr. Wing had offices on the fifth floor of 18 Broadway. Tenants on the seventh floor say they heard a shot, and rushed down stairs to find the vice-consul and his assassin scuffling in the hallway at the head of the stairs. Men on the fourth floor who were moving a safe heard someone above them shout "Help! I've been shot!" A dwarfish figure with a convulsed face rushed past them before they knew what had happened. He was the assassin. One of the men launched a kick at him on general principles, but he was not caught until he reached the street, when two policemen, who knew nothing of the trouble above, but were impressed by his agitation and haste, gathered him in. The revolver, with one exploded shell and a misfired shell in it, was found in his coat pocket.

Quong Yick Nam, the Chinese interpreter who figured prominently in the Elsie Sigel case, quizzed the prisoner at length Saturday night. He talks freely to anyone, but his excited and broken answers to questions seem to bear out McDonald's theory that the man is deranged. The residuum of fact in his conflicting statements is that he had a grievance against the vice-consul because his applications for aid had been refused. Although he complained of being in want, and having slept Friday night in the municipal lodging-house, the police found \$14.65 in his clothes. He denies that he murdered Dr. Wing, and asserts that he fired in self-defense. He says he was being forcibly ejected from the consulate, when he resisted, and the vice-consul drew a revolver. They fought for the weapon, he declares, and he got it and fired point blank.

An early theory that the murder was prompted by the well known hostility of the vice-consul to the Chinese Tong and their incessant wars is not thus far supported by any findings of fact. There is nothing to indicate that any of the complications uncovered by the murder of Elsie Sigel bears on the present case. Dr. Wing married an American girl 16 years ago. There were no children of the marriage.

## MAGAZINE REVIEW.

Raising Trees to Save a Country.

"I wish that those who have ruined the seaboard States of Florida, Georgia, and the Carolinas could be transported to Gascony and made to understand what wonders can be wrought by the proper conducting of a turpentine forest," says John L. Mathews in Everybody's Magazine. "On the sea face of the sand ridges, which extend in unbroken whiteness for seventy-five to one hundred miles, bunch-grass is planted in regular rows, to hold the sand from drifting. On the top of the first ridge is a low wattle fence and a fire break, and back of this a narrow belt of dwarfed and stunted trees, cut off four or five feet from the ground, to make their branches spread over wide areas. After one hundred yards of this, one comes to a more open forest of crooked and stunted maritime pine, and beyond this again to the great, free forest full of



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his Christmas pie,  
He let a piece fall on his waist and said "What a careless boy am I,  
But I needn't worry about this stain,  
Fels-Naptha'll make it all clean again."

Did you ever think of the difference between washing and cleaning?

You can wash with any kind of soap in any kind of water, hot or cold.

You can boil clothes and rub them on a washboard until your back aches.

All that is washing.

But it isn't always cleaning.

Most soaps are just washing soaps.

They furnish a little lather and let you do the work.

Fels-Naptha is a cleaning soap.

It works all by itself in cool or lukewarm water, saving all the trouble and discomfort of boiling and hot suds.

Fels-Naptha Soap cleans your clothes.

It really reaches the dirt and dissolves it.

It does this while the soaped clothes are soaking in cool or lukewarm water, while you are thinking of something else or resting.

When Fels-Naptha Soap gets through with them—thirty minutes or so is long enough—you rub lightly, rinse the clothes and they're cleaner, sweeter and whiter than you could get them by washing all day in the old-fashioned manner.

You'll find directions for using Fels-Naptha printed on the back of the red and green wrapper.

## HORNS OF DEER.

Heavily Antlered Stags—What Constitutes a Royal Hart.

A stag and his antlers are almost inseparable in the mind of the sportsman as in the mind of one to whom deer stalking is nothing but a name. Yet there are not only various varieties of the family Cervidae, but not a few members of the great deer group are found to have been denuded by nature as well as by accident of the crowning glories of their race and sex.

Stags without horns are called Hummie stags, and they are far from being the helpless creatures one might reasonably have imagined them. They have been known to fight and to conquer heavily antlered stags of their own weight.

The appendages known as antlers are so far from being universal among the cervine tribes that naturalists prefer to rely upon other characteristics in their definitions of the several families and groups. But a hornless stag is so far an exception that the system of judging the merit of the stalkers' spoil by the character of the head and the number of the tines or points is certainly the best that could be devised.

Many years ago an antler with fifteen points was dug up from an Irish bog. Assuming an equal number on the antler that was missing, the mighty hart to which the horns belonged would have been a stag not of twelve or thirteen, but of thirty points. Such prizes are not, however, nowadays likely to fall into the lap of the Scottish deer stalker, still less will they be able to send to the stuffer's shop such magnificent examples as those which may be found in many an old German schloss.

The continental deer have always been more heavily antlered than the British, a fact which may partly be accounted for by their having access to much better feeding than they are able to procure in Scotland. But remembering that heads of eighteen and twenty points have been killed in this country, it seems quite reasonable that any head with tines in excess of the "royal" should be distinguished by a special designation.

There is some difference of opinion as to what constitutes a royal hart. Strictly speaking, the head should not only possess "brow," "bay" and "taz," and three on the op, but these last three—the "four royals," as they are called—should form cups in order to qualify the head as "royal." The more generally accepted proposition, that a royal head is a head of twelve tines, is, however, also the most convenient in the awarding of honors where honors are due.—Country Gentleman.